# SUMMER FICTION :: :: *By Michelson*

WHEN you look up from your absorbing novel, written in winter to make you glad it's summer, do you ever wonder whether there really IS romance in the world? Do you ever listen for the sounds, and watch for the signs, of that something DIFFERENT, that something magical and charming that will transfigure the actual moment as the book tries to do it?

And if an absolutely real and perfectly good young man were to burst in upon your isolation, when you thought you and the grasshoppers had it all to yourselves, and if this young man began telling you that you were the honest-to-goodness only ONE—would you wonder, while you listened, whether THIS was summer fiction too? Would you wonder whether, when the book of summer was closed, he wouldn't turn out to be about as tangible as the other young men in the book? Girls HAVE thought such things!

# COULD WE BUT SEE OURSELVES

## *By Annette Bradshaw*

*This is the first of a series of drawings made for this page by the clever artist and satirist, Annette Bradshaw. Miss Bradshaw has achieved wide reputation for her delineations of fashion's whims, and her understanding of her own sex shows in the good humor as well as in the sagacity with which she hits off its foibles.*

THE THIN ONE — "Poor thing! Isn't it a pity some one doesn't tell her how unbecoming this style is for her? Thank goodness, I'm not built on those lines!"

THE FAT ONE

# FEMININE FOIBLES

*By Annette Bradshaw*

## APPEARANCES.

"I really am awfully interested in Red Cross work. But—do you suppose the costume would be becoming to me?"

(Copyright, 1914, Newspaper Feature Service.)

# A BRIDAL TOUR OF THE FUTURE

*By Duncan Paget*

Copyright, 1923, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved

IT may be a bit of a risk to put it in the future because it may happen before this gets into print. The Great Romance, whenever it happens, is always likely to look for a setting that hasn't been arranged for any one else. That is the reason why bridal couples have gone up in aeroplanes, started away in canoes and motor boats, waved good-bys in automobiles—the other day they began the Great Romance in a CAVE But under the sea!—with the fishes, and strange submarine forests, and amazing shells, and sunken treasure, and wonderful slanting green sunshine like a goblin headlight—yes and mermaids, who only need the right eyes to find them Could anything promise better for a REAL adventure? Could love ever find itself more securely and deliciously aloof from all the world?

# The SAME Old RINGMASTER

By Max Newberry

OH knows his business, this ringmaster! He's an old hand, and has had long practice in cracking his whip and making them step around, perform their many preliminary tricks, and at last take the great leap—into the dark, do you say, Mr. Cynic? Not at all. He knows his people, and he is as much in the game after they have made the leap as before. Of course he knows that they will need minding—that they don't know how hard are some of the other ordeals he has prepared for them as part of the wonderful Love Show. In fact, so long as he keeps the upper hand all will go well with them If they know THEIR business they will obey him in everything The trouble comes when the foolish ones slip into the habit *of* doing without him.

# The Higher Literature. ✻ By Will Nies.

Copyright, 1913, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved

BOOKS—how many are there in the world? Books on every conceivable subject—volumes that would reach to the moon, maybe, if they were stacked in single file. Millions of 'em, infinite in variety. And yet, for each one of us there is at one time only ONE book.

Her book—she of the chair, the neatly tucked-under feet and the air of absorption. HER book may be anything at all. Who knows? But it must be INTENSELY interesting, for she has discarded all the others and has taken this one book to herself—up into the higher realms, to commune with her heart.

# FEMINISMS

By Annette Bradshaw

SUGAR SHREWDNESS

Their new friends bring them lumps of sugar, and handbags are convenient for carrying oil any salvage from afternoon tea

# HER PROBLEMS ✠ *By Annette Bradshaw*

FOR THE PERIOD OF SACRIFICE

*MAY*—You're giving up so much there'll be no sacrifice left for Lent

*RAY*—O, yes! We're going to give up our limgriest pup cigarettes for the chauffeur, and hat's for the cook!

# THE MOVIE CROWD ✠ *By Dan Smith*

FOR a trip into the Realm of Romance—for a glimpse of other lands—for the lifting throb of the gripping dramas each heart longs to live—they come. WHO are they? Answer yourself—who ARE they? You and your neighbor—Little Sister with her red-and white-striped peppermint stick with Little Brother gripping her tight by one hand, "Buster's" leash in his other busy hand, come to view the posters with longing eyes—the young and the old—the WHOLE WIDE WORLD makes up the movie crowd and before each 'picture palace' representatives from beyond the seven seas are found. Indeed, there are more moving dramas—if one could but read faces and hearts—to be seen in those who come to see, than in the motion pictures, wonderful as THEY are

# SALUTING THE COLORS

*By Early*

Copyright, 1918, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved

EVERY color of the rainbow they are—the newest dresses—from palest pink through purest white to deepest purple, and he who sees them salutes the wearers in his HEART. It matters not that he loves ONE the best on earth, to ALL he swears allegiance—for they represent AMERICAN WOMANHOOD. And so doing he renews his oath to the Stars and Stripes—vowing for VICTORY and that perfect peace which shall bring security and the enjoyment of simple happiness not only back to HER he loves the best, not only to the U. S. A., but to ALL the world.

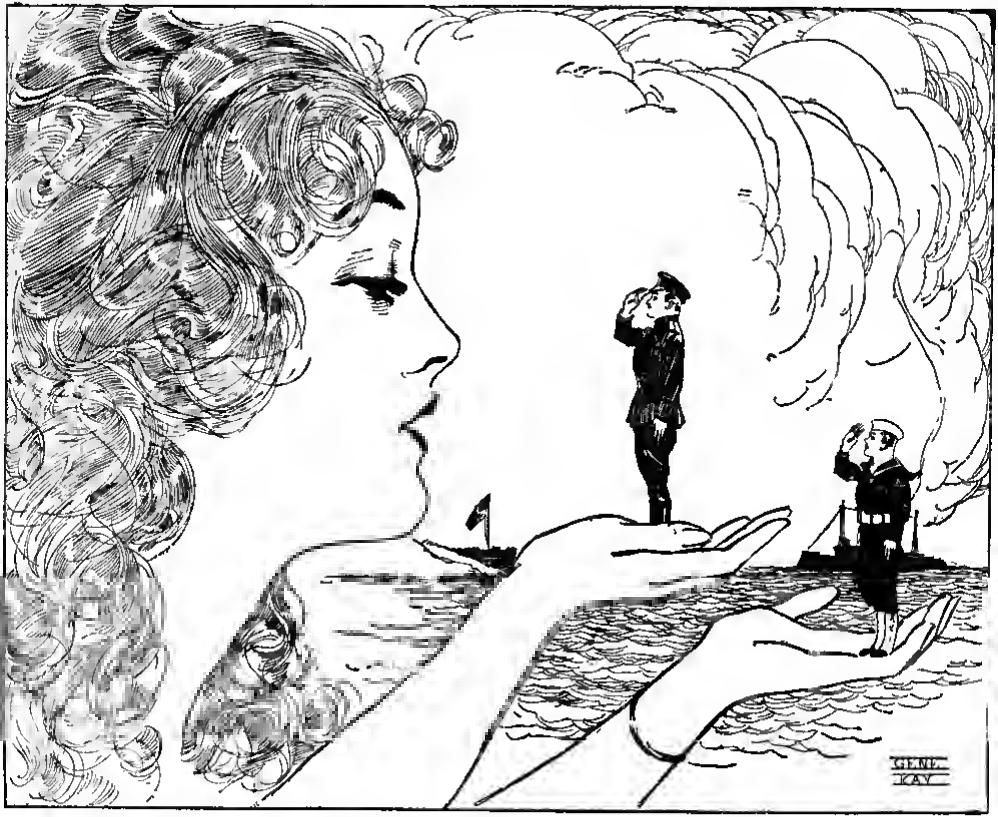
# ANOTHER DANGER ZONE

By Calvert

Copyright, 1918 by Newspaper Feature Service.

IF there's one month by unanimous consent devoted to marrying and the giving in marriage, it is this very month of roses and THIS June of all years is most especially the time of times. Yet even now—perhaps particularly now—those who embark upon the Sea of Matrimony should pay great heed to evoiding the dangers of the zone that's new to them. But not all the evils of earth and sea can touch true lovers who keep a wary eye open to avoid the Periscope of Discord and to FAITH and PERFECT TRUST sail onward to the rosy haven of their dreams.

# THE ARMS OF THE SERVICE ⊠ *By Gene Kay*



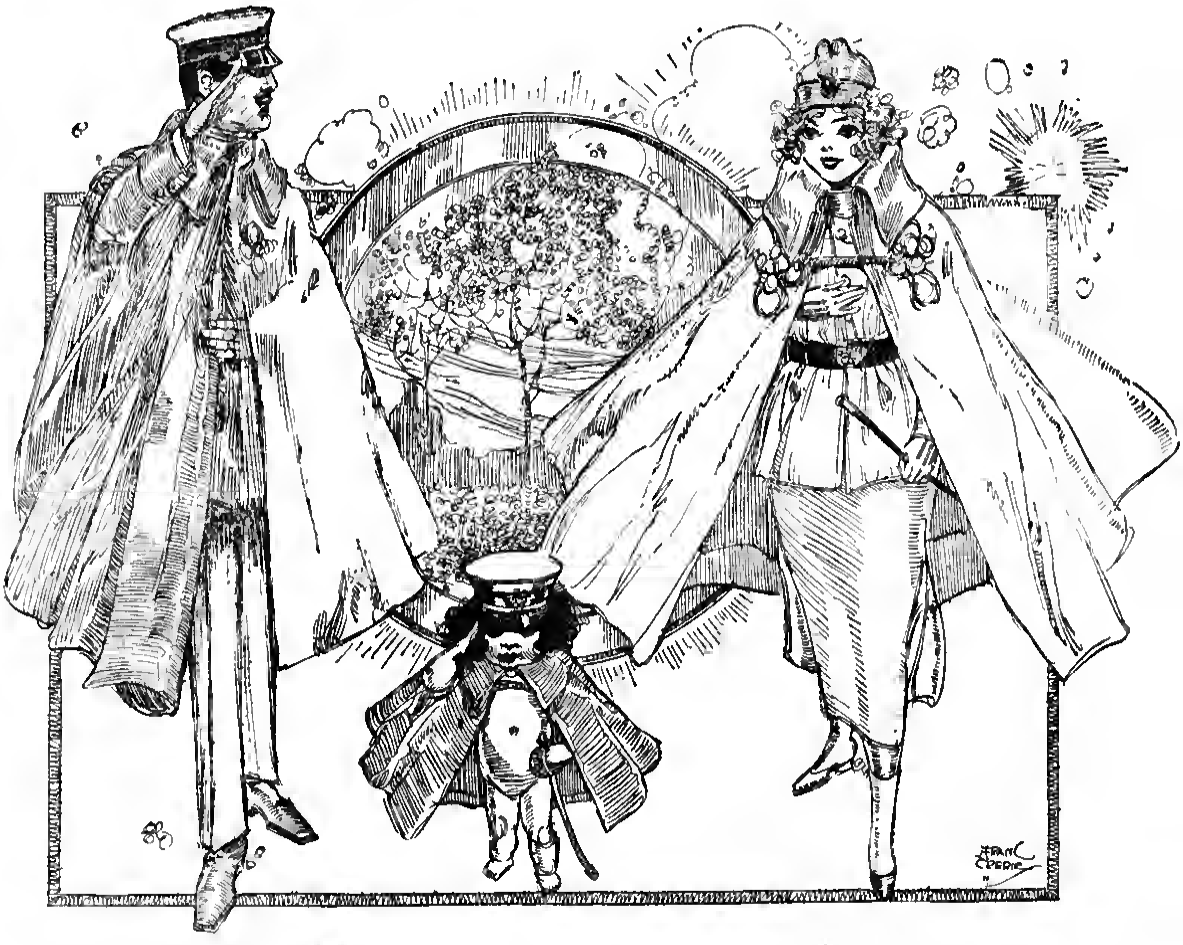

WHETHER 'tis the blue or the khaki—at sea or on land—BOTH arms of the service are ever before her whose eyes these days seem to see nothing else. To her their interest lies not in how they LOOK but in what they DO. When she thinks of the arms of the service the emphasis is on SERVICE. But when she dreams of HIM she loves the best it's ARMS she is thinking of—and HEARTS—his heart and hers, the glory of the parting and the ineffable joy of his return in VICTORY to HER arms that wait for HIM.

# ONE MAN ⊠ *By Clyde Ludwick*

PERHAPS he can dance—maybe he can play the piano—whatever he may have done well in his day or can do pleasantly now, what amazement is his when he finds himself—in lieu of any other man for the moment—the CENTRE of attraction! He strives not to show his delight—but smug of countenance, glorying in his brief return to popularity, ridiculously satisfied with self, how he DOES enjoy it—while "over there" the REAL men are doing the work of the world. But when THEY return—bless 'em every one—how lonely he'll be. Perhaps he'll wonder why, but the GIRLS—true of heart are THEY—won't let him linger long in doubt of what they really think of him even today.

# ENTER THE MILITARY CAPE

*By Frank Crerie*




WITH a swish and an air of devil-may-care the cape swept before feminine eyes and captured hearts—behold the results wherever Captain Jack Tar strolled, in the infinite variety of feminine counterparts But—potent is the charm—the female of the cape species either is MORE dashing or has acquired a DEMUREness that's all its own—a daintiness only Cupid and HIS lovely followers could effect And so when the mystic three chance to meet, SHE may salute him with a dimple when—sensing the militariness of a cape that flashes across his preoccupied vision—he salutes it and, surprised HER It's then that Cupid—camouflaging the twinkle in his eye—salutes them BOTH

# "NO INTERRUPTION, PLEASE" *By Winner*

SUPPOSE that for days and days you'd been scheming and manoeuvering for just THIS instant to arrive and then a reckless fish should happen along and threaten to spoil it all! Wouldn't you sternly admonish that finny disturber? But Cupid —bless his heart—is even more resourceful. Not only does he prevent the distraction, but he holds the fish so that on the instant of her "Yes" she may catch her FIRST fish and HE may help her land her catch as SHE helped him to win his happiness.

# LUCKY OCEAN

*By Juanita Hamel*

Copyright, 1916, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved.

ON a bit of a board that's harnessed so she can ride the waves as they roll in from the restless sea, SHE rollicks along on a foamy crest attended by rainbow spray that frames her as such a modern Venus *should* be framed. And HE who sits ashore and gazes with adoring eyes—taking note of the tribute the startled fish leaps to pay her—is all admiration and envy. "LUCKY ocean!"

# ADVENTURE

*By Herbert Johnson*

Copyright 1920 by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved

OUT in the open with the blue sky above them and the white clouds tinged with the glory of the sun, quite any *she* may glimpse almost any *he* and dream—— Well, even though a gulf lies between them—the gulf of propriety, the chasm that lies between those who are strangers—they may *look* at each other, mayn't they, and live a whole lifetime of adventure in the flash of an eye?

# THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

*By Duncan Paget*

THE sea may sing of ancient loves and the wild waves chant of old-time deeds—for instance, of Paris and his judgment of supreme loveliness which each of the three Greek goddesses strove to win for herself by bribery.

One, you remember, offered dominion; another proffered wisdom; the third, the most beautiful woman on earth for his wife. This modern Paris has still another witch to complicate his decision. Perhaps she'd offer athletic prowess as her bribe.

Which gift will he choose? Which girl will he acclaim the fairest in *his* judgment?

# GUILTY

*By Juanita Hamel*

THERE'S always the question of who is to blame —or to whom the credit should go—when a heart is lost. The case is immeasurably complicated when not one but *two* are missing. For when only one is lost Cupid may be blamed. But when two are missing Cupid, himself, has to don his judicial robes and pronounce the verdict with a frown as he gazes over the exhibits—labelled A and B—and sadly views the lovely face of the culprit he must sentence.

# THE SWEETEST SONG ON RECORD

*By Sidney Delevante*

Copyright, 1920, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc., Great Br.

WHICH is the song that is oftenest sung—what is the theme of most songs, indeed—which is *the* word that best fits every lip—YOU know! My, how Danny loves to sing it! He's made a record which fits the phonograph of every heart, but you must have a companion to sing it to, and with—for it comes only as a *duet*, and must be sung without discords.

# WHAT HE'D LIKE

*

*By Edward Butler*

YOU know the sort of fellow—nice enough, too—looking for a kind of romantic, rose-strewn path and LOTS of girls. When he goes to a party he'd like to have them lined up, waiting for him, thinking altogether about HIM! Well, he will wake up. Sometimes he's rather slow about getting his eyes open.

But it is coming to him. Life isn't arranged that way now-a-days. Maybe it never really was.

Yet it is a pretty enough dream, for anyone foolish enough to dally with it—and strong enough to stand the awful come-down of the real truth when it dawns upon him!

# GOOD-BY TO THE SEA :: *By Cora Cameron*

Copyright 1932 by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved.

A LAST, lingering look—together—at the stretching blue, which they have seen so much together. Like themselves the sea has many moods. Just now it seems to be like their own once more—seems to be quietly wondering. The future! What is it to be? What is to become of the ties fastened by companionship? There will be storms again? Shall storm and stress be outlasted? HEARTS, unseen by the sea, sometimes have an answer to these questions. And in their hearts' answer, there is great peace.

# IMITATION

::

*By Bess Micheau*

THERE'S nothing so sincerely flattering, perhaps, as the admiring efforts of one girl to be like another. No matter how great may be the difference in ages, no matter how widely different in appearance they may be—indeed, the *greater* the difference, the greater the flattery—there's something fine just in the striving to be like the other—that is, of course, if the admired is really *worth* imitating. And there can be no question of that when it is Big Sister upon whom is lavished all the admiration of a tender, loving little heart!

# SOLITAIRE

*By Barbara Booth*

Copyright, 1923 by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved

FRANK is a self-made man who whispers fondly that without HER his business and he will go "smash." Wallace comes from one of the finest families, yet pleads that without HER his palatial home is but a house of stone. John is a dreamer whose poetry—all dedicated to HER—lifts her to the clouds. And there are many others, too—each begging for the key to her heart! What, then, is a girl to do but play solitaire until the wee, sma' hours of the morn—shuffling, comparing and matching them all—with the hope of finding one—The One—at last?

# HE CAN'T BE FROZEN OUT -:- By Dorothy Stahl

Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.

ONLY try it if you think any day is too cold, any mountain air too nipping, any snow too clinging to discourage the activities of the small Pursuer of the Heart. Climb to your lake a-top the hills, if you would lose him. Glide over frozen surfaces, half a mile to the stroke—or so it seems—if you would shake him off. Join hands and purpose with your friend of friends and do your best to out-wit him. Then but cast an eye over your shoulder and you'll see him laughing in your wake, his leading-strings caught round you. And you'll see, too, that the friend of friends is not a friend at all—but sweetheart, beloved and true!

# "CHOOSE!" -:- :- *By Madge Geyer*

"BEHOLD," says Cupid, "both Faith and Hope are pleading for your love. Hope will teach you how to play—to take gambling chances—in the game of life. He will cast magic spells and build beautiful castles for you in the clouds. Faith has not 'hitched his wagon to a star'—he's set his goal on solid earth—he's steadfast and he'll work to bring you happiness. Both love you—each begs you to be kind—charitable. Whom do you choose?"

# "HE DOES!" -:- -:- -:- *By George Kerr*

Copyright 1924, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.
Great Britain Rights Reserved

"HE loves me, loves me not, he loves me! He does!" It *must* be true for the daisy knows. She feels a rapture as though he, himself, were whispering quite near at hand, "I love you!" Yet need she have put his love to such a test of reassurance? One glance at his face when he sees her, one look in his eyes—and his secret is betrayed so he who runs may read. But she will wonder and ask the daisies, doubting whether such joy can possibly be true, until that glad day arrives when their wedding bells peal out to all the world that he loves her—"He does!" they chime, "He does!"

# HIS WORK -:- -:- *By Marguerite Lewis*

Copyright, 1924, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain rights reserved.

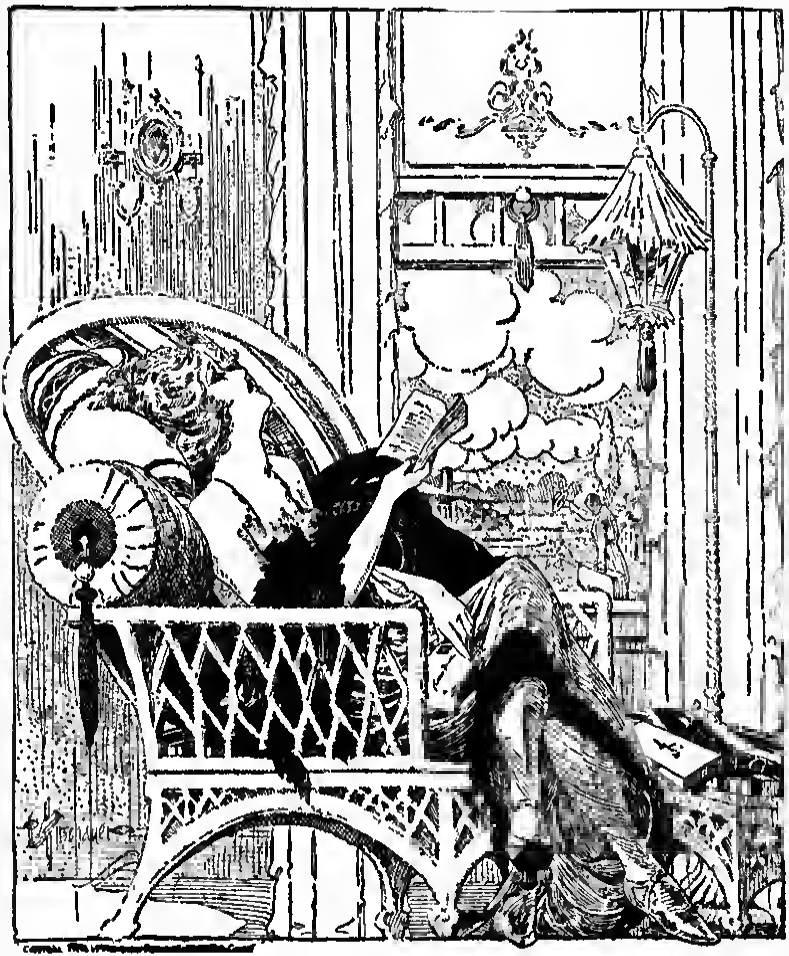
JUBILANT little Cupid! How he has watched Her Loveliness through her care-free childhood, her shy, demure young-ladyhood and now triumphant, sees the result of his loving care in the wondrous womanliness of the Bride! As she gazes with wistful, adoring eyes on Love's own golden symbol which encircles her little finger, Cupid gleefully tangles his dimpled fingers in the ethereal meshes of the wedding veil and draws about her the magic heart that insures lasting love and happiness, laughing joyfully the while for very happiness. This is her dream-fulfillment in which he can proudly point as a shining example of HIS WORK!

# HONEYMOON PLANS -:- -:- *By Mary Lawson*

Copyright, 1924, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.

WHAT a jumble! Her thoughts just won't settle down to any one spot, and it is SO important to decide on the honeymoon trip! Perhaps—the seashore! No, the mountains this time of year are so wonderful! O-o-o-h-h-h! Wouldn't it be lovely to take Billy's yacht and go for a long cruise, and then we could stop at wonderful hotels for the dances? Oh, now, I know! Let's just do it all! Start out in the motor and we can go to each place and see everything and wind up with a short cruise! Anyway, it doesn't much matter—just so Billy and I and our love are together and OUR honeymoon will last always!

# TWO GIFTS -:- -:- *By Hirschauer*



WHAT present is dearer than the gift that Love prompts to alley the anxiety and soften the grief of the loved one? Particularly when, after the honeymoon, he has to return to his office, and, knowing the loneliness and dreariness which his Beloved will feel at the parting, takes the time to write a blessed little love-note and leave it where she will find it before he is even out of sight. Besides, there is that other gift—the golden singer, to comfort her with his merry, tuneful admonition to "Cheer-up! He'll return! Cheer-up!"

# PALMISTRY

*By Carson*

IF YOU ask a thousand persons to look at one thing and describe what they see, each will tell you a different story. There is the palm of her hand, for instance. She sees only the inside of a hand that serves her. He—when he captures it under the pretext of "reading" the palm—sees the countless "mounds" and myriad lines from which he reads all sorts of significant things of the past, present and future. And then, swept by the wondrously lovely, rose-leaf-like sweetness of that dainty palm, he bestows upon it a kiss that seals the truth his eyes have told her.

# The Way It Seems

By Jane Reed

DO you recall the Arabian Nights tale of the magic carpet? And do you dare say that magic is no more? Ask any two who are in love and they will say that the magic carpet does exist in this very modern Today. Only it may be a chair, or a sofa, or an automobile—or any place where two who love are together. Then all else on earth passes away and they float through the clouds all rosy and golden and glowing. For love does now as he has ever done, works miracles for those who follow his teachings, and he makes it seem to those in love that there are only two in the world, no, above the world in the clouds of happiness.

# Pearls and Girls

By Eleanor Hope.

PEARLS and Girls—always the two go hand-in-hand. They are inseparable. True, the gems are wonderful as an adornment to enhance her beauty, but how much more beautiful are the dazzling gems that dot her wonderful smile. How much lovelier are the pearly tears that fill her wondrous eyes to overflowing when she reads the first letter from her beloved. Can any necklace of cold gems, no matter how gorgeous, compare with the luster of her eyes when she first hears Love's message? Of course, not! But still, one must have something to enhance one's loveliness, so pearls are her choice. Pearls and Girls! They are inseparable—each lovely, each wonderful, each beyond price, but to Love's eyes, the Girl is more wondarful than all.

# Love and Laughter -:- By Dorothy Flack.

Copyright, 1928, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great British rights reserved.

LOVE and laughter! Ever they go hand in hand—always chums and friends. For love seeks happiness as a playmate, and happiness could not possibly blossom and grow without love. So there you are! Each for the other, and together they're a pair that are ever welcome, ever sought. Once you find them and can persuade them to dwell with you forever, you can ask nothing more from life. For they ARE life itself. So, when you find them, cherish and protect them, and you will ever be the envied of your less-fortunate companions.

# When Cupid Hangs the Holly

By Neva Harrison

Copyright, 1925, by Newspaper Feature Service Inc.

CHRISTMAS and Happiness, they're ever synonymous. But never before have they been so wonderful as this year, because these two are in their very own home celebrating their very first Christmas together. With Love abiding with them, how can it be anything else but the very happiest of days for them? And as long as Love stays there, they'll always be as happy and gay as they now are, with Cupid helping them to hang the holly.

# Feminine Foibles -:- By Annette Bradshaw

**When One Suffers Consequences to Be Fashionable.**

PEG—"Is it possible that you wear a gown with long sleeves and huge neck?"
PAM—"Yes, Peggy, and I'm miserable. But Auntie brought it from Paris and says it's new and smart."

# "F and F"

By Popini

Copyright, 1926, by Newspaper Parade Service, Inc., Cape Bellido rights reserved.

FROCKS and Frills? Flowers and Feathers? Fellows and Fun?

Oh it might mean almost anything. Of course, each has its value, but don't let these thoughts make you mercenary. Don't lose your sweetness and lovalinese in the contemplation of mere earthly values. For there's something so much deeper and more valuable than this that you should look far. Love!

Look to the worth or value of a person only insofar as he or she may be worthy of your Love. For that is a gift beyond price. So don't, I pray, lose your sense of the worth and value of love in the contemplation of the more worldly accomplishments.

Remember that Love is always simple, straightforward, valueless—a kingdom on which there is set no price.

# Pirates' Treasure -:- By Ray Sherman.

Many a girl may have wondered how it would seem to be the sweetheart of a pirate—to be among his treasures. So that an artist may possibly be excused for [illegible] natural dream.

# September Silhouettes -:- By Juanita Hamel.

THE FALL of the year—but the Spring of their love! With the brief playtime period at an end the lovers have come to the full realization of the meaning of their dream. They know they have been playing at love, but the game is too interesting to leave.

So, with the moon a golden background for their silhouettes, they are making vows of eternal constancy. The lap, lapping of the water is a soft echo of their whispers, and the falling of the leaves a melodious accompaniment.

With glistening eyes, the Girl of Girls is pledging her love, trembling in the hope of quick response. Her eyes, shallow pools of tenderness, are more eloquent than words. And to the man enchanted by their beauty they tell a tale of infinite and undying charm.

Whether the tale will ever be finished, he does not know. But the September moon, with the radiance of wisdom, smiles.

# A Fairy Visitor -:- By Walt Van Arsdale.

Copyright, 1926, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.

WALT VAN ARSDALE

EVERY girl has day dreams. And no matter what form they take, the subject is always the same. The day dream is built on fancies of love—real or imaginary—and into each dream comes the figure af Cupid.

And because a dream is a hidden wish Cupid is always represented as a smiling cherub holding out his arms to his all too-willing victim. He is never seen withaut his packet of arrows, and the twinkle in his eye indicates that he knows mora than he reveals.

Tha golden-haired girl whose wistfulness has prompted the appearsnce of Cupid, is perhaps, a bit dejected. For Cupid has come alona and she does not know that he has a host of eager followers who are anxious to take the fairy visitor's place.

But if her faith in lova and love'a joys is strong, her dejection will vanish like a swift wind, and her trust will be rewarded. Youth and faith and simplicity are precious qualities that always find a happy nesting place in the world.

# The Three Graces -:- By Myrtle Wood.

© 1926, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.

FASHIONS in pulchitrude change. The girl of today, slender as a raed with shorn locks and knea-langth skirts was hardly considered a beauty a thousand yaars ago. The Greeks and Romans would have lookad upon her as an undeveloped fledgling waiting for maturity.

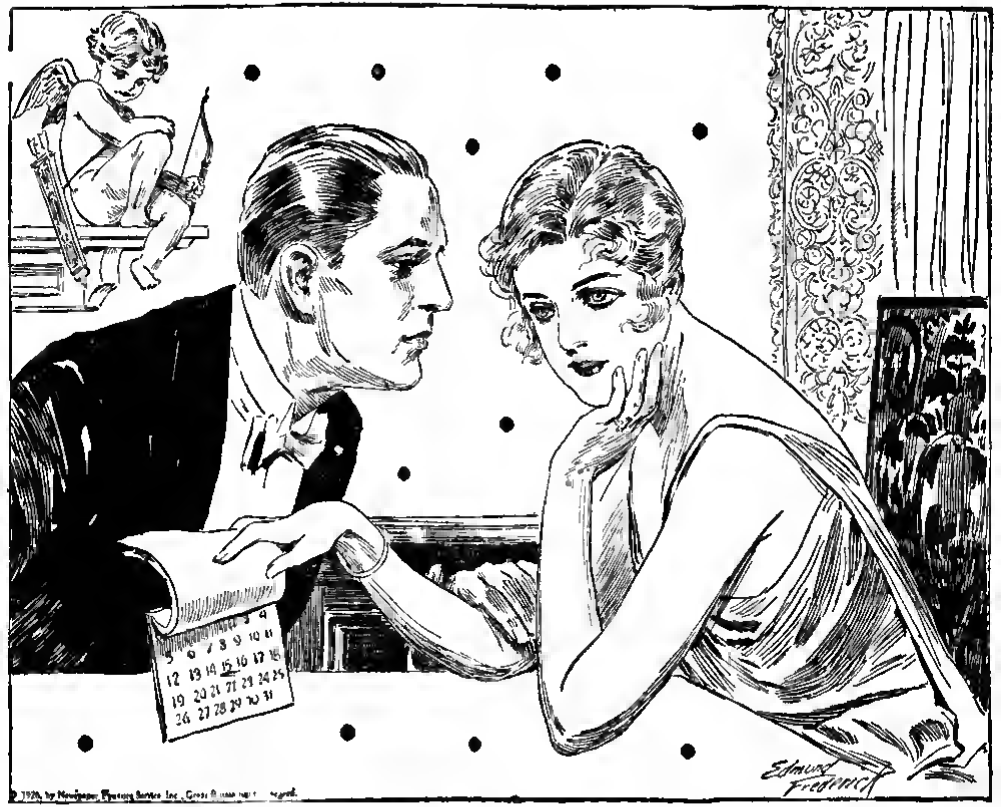
But fashions in virtus have nat changed—perceptibly. Faith, Hope and Charity, tha thraa gracas of long ago still claim their share of applause. They are still the most highly respected qualities in tha world—and they daserve to be.

But where Faith and Hope and Charity are embodiad in the person af Beauty and Youth, they are triply attractive. For with these qualities anyone may go far. And Youth may climb to unlimited heights.

# Setting the Date

-:- -:-

By Edmund Frederick.




© 1920, by Newspaper Feature Service Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.

WHEN, oh! when, will you "live with me and be my love?" is the burden of his plea. And while the Most Beautiful, Most Adorable Girl in the Whole World hesitates, her ardent suitor turns the pages of the calendar, (which has suddenly become interesting), and awaits the "verdict."

He is worried because his bride-to-be seems anxious to put off the date. But Cupid, impish fellow that he is, knows that secretly the Most Adorable Girl would love to say "Tomorrow!" For the dreams of the vine-covered cottage, or dozy little apartment are so enticing! And why wait months and months to prove her skill in making toast?

But then there are so many things to buy—so many little things to do. So she turns the leaves of the calendar and murmurs something about next April—and Cupid giggles and lets fly another arrow.

# Autumn Thoughts -:- By Leo Joseph Roche.

LEO JOSEPH ROCHE

IN which is she most interested? The leaves that drift so gracefully from the tree to their long Winter sleep, or the leaves of the book which lies—apparently forgotten—in her lap? True, she gleans most of the material for her girlish dreams from the leaves which she turns so idly, but the others—Nature's first indication of the long rest—make her think of many things, too. The printed leaves tell of the romance of her favorite heroine and she weaves her own life through the winding path of Imagination and clothes her Ideal in the princely raiment of the Hero.

Of what is she thinking? Are the falling leaves emblematic of the joyous hopes which she has had during the soft Spring and balmy Summer days? Or do they mean to her the nearing of the time when these hopes are to be fulfilled? When the love which she has found will claim her for its very own and bring joy and gladness and happiness to her forever?

Who knows, excepting the leaves which dance merrily on their way and sing to her of the happiness soon to be hers, or perhaps whisper comforting hopes of other days and other joys to come with the new season.

# The First Thanksgiving Guest -:- By Fanny Darrell.

WHAT days and days of loving thought and planning have gone into the preparation of this—their very first Thanksgiving Dinner in their very own home. Just they two alone—and yet, no, they must have one guest. And what more natural than that they should know Dan Cupid will be their very first guest? Isn't he the one they have to thank for all this happiness? Of course. So the table is laid for three and Dan as guest of honor promptly accepts the invitation.

He's no stranger to this home, nor will he ever be, and as they bow their heads in a silent prayer of thanksgiving for all the wondrous gifts that have been theirs, they add a paen of praise to Dan the Happiness Giver—their first Thanksgiving guest, and their mascot and guide on the road to everlasting happiness.

# A Critical Inspection

By Truda Dahl.

© 1926, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.
Great Britain rights reserved.

DAN CUPID and his aides are certainly worried! Of course, they have every reason to be, but when She makes such an important decision, you cannot blame her for being very, very careful. She has asked Dan to help her, so he brings her the microscope of love through which she may examine each suitor who has laid siege to her heart.

Each in his turn goes under the glass for the most critical inspection of his life. They, too, are anxious, for each hopes he will be the chosen one. But she knows in her heart just what qualities she must find in the one she choses, hence the inspection. But with Dan there to help her, and her heart to guide her the decision will quickly be made and then—Happiness for always.

# The Gardener -:- By Paul Aslan.

© 1926, by Newspaper Feature Service Inc., Great Britain rights reserved.

SHE'S borrowed the scissors of Fate and is waiting to snip the limb that will grow into the sturdy tree around which are built her rosiest dreams.

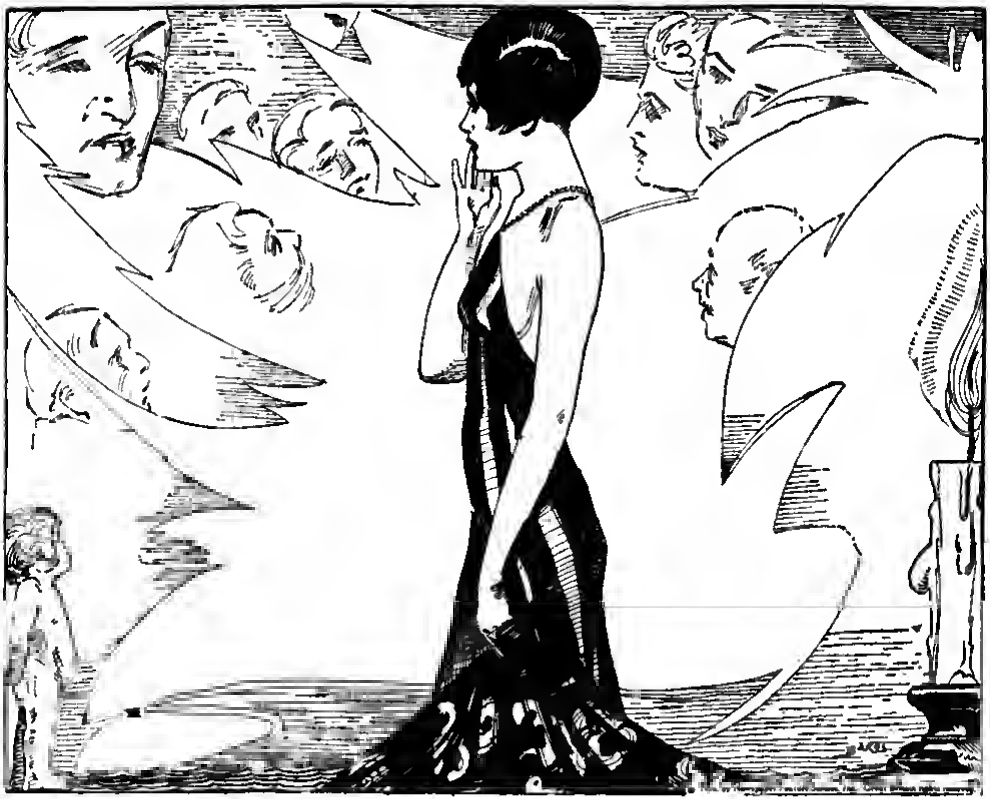
But she's so undecided. She's discarded the first one, whose disappointment shows in every line of the drooping head. The callow youth, too, has gone into the discard and she's reached the stage where the man of the world appeals strongly to her young imagination.

Wise little lady, she sees one more chance and the glamour of the man of the world will fade before the light of love that shines from the eyes of the one whom Fate has chosen for her.

# When She Wonders Which

-:- -:-

By Edgar Bakos.



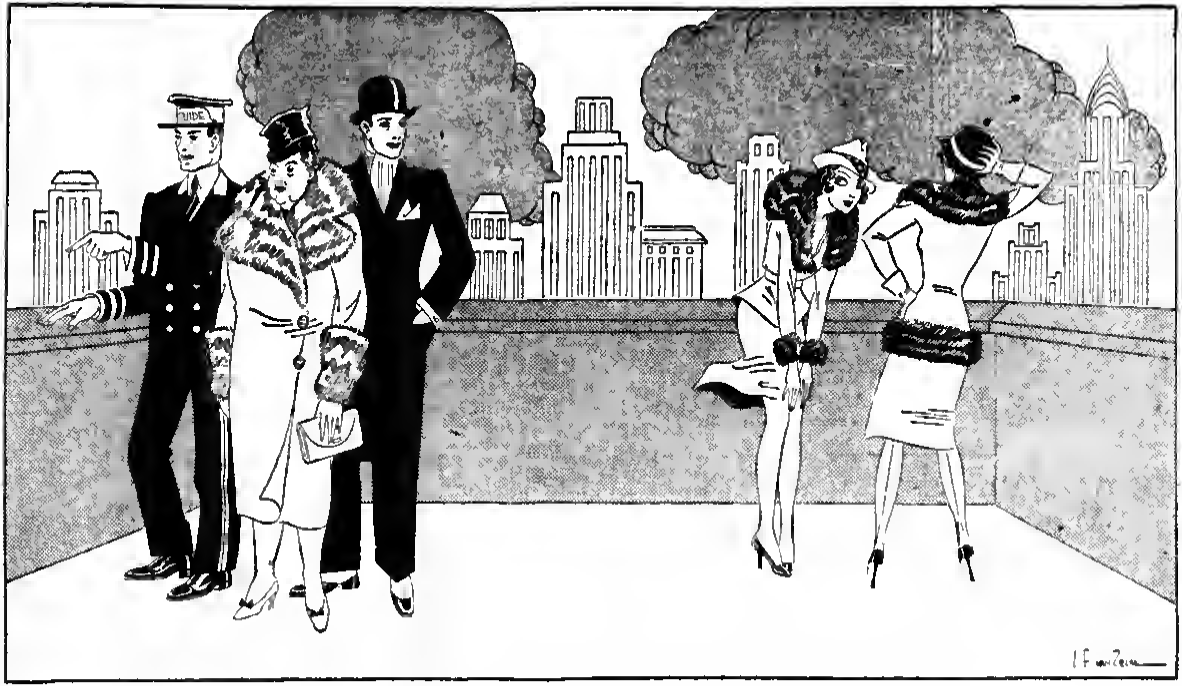
THERE comes a time in the life of every girl when she wonders which of all her men friends is the one with whom she's going to fall in love. She likes them all and they are all so nice that it hardly seems possible she can like one more than the rest.

But this is the secret. Nine times out of ten it won't be anyone she knows. There may be a casual meeting at a dance or on the links, or perhaps just a friend of Big Brother's down for the week-end and presto! She'll know in a second she's in love. That sixth sense with which she's blessed will whisper to her: "This is the one for whom you've been waiting."

But this isn't always so. It may be that she will all of a sudden discover that the real lover is the one whom she's known all her life. And that's just as much of a thrill as finding it's a stranger. But whichever way it may come, there will always be the time when she wonders which it will be. For that's part of the game, you know.

# OBSERVATION TOWER

Drawn by L. F. Van Zelm




ARCHITECTURE HAS its uses, of course, and skyscrapers make an interesting sky-line. But for some, other scenes have greater fascination—and why not?

Is it hard to understand why the young man fails to heed the injunction "look out, not in"? But perhaps, after all, he'd better "look out!" It might be safer

# LIVE and LEARN

*This Is NOT Her First Venture*

Drawn by NELLE REPPY

# *Pleasant Interruptions* -:-

Drawn by LUCY VIEROW

PERHAPS HE WAS right who said the pleasure of anticipation exceeds that of realization, and then again—maybe. At least, no matter how filled life may be with delights for which plans have been made, there's always a special thrill in pleasant interruptions. And the unexpected gift, the phone call from one long absent, an invitation longed for but not thought likely to come, or, best of all, the sudden, impulsive proposal of the lad you love but who has seemed so timorous—across a tennis net—these are the things the girl whose life is half daydreams is sure to jot down in her diary at the day's end

# *Falling for Her*

EVEN THE LEAVES AGREE WITH HIM

Drawn by Frank Ellis

"AND WHO WOULDN'T!" did you say? Anyway, he and Dame Nature seem to be quite fully in sympathy with each other. And what could be more natural? Nature has been man's inspiration for a lot of the best things he ever did—and here's just one more example.

# *Witches At Work*

-:-

*Drawn by Marcia L. Snyder*

THESE DAYS witches duck for apples instead of being ducked in the mill pond, for the days of real belief in witchcraft as a sinister art are over and gone. But every normal lad and lass has a liking for the spooky and weird, especially when All Hallows'en is at hand, and in fancy they conjure real witches riding brooms through the sky—witches at work. But when unmasking time comes at the Hallowe'en party, and fortunes are told, that's when you find REAL witches at work—with a witchery as old as the ages

# *Mid-Winter Makeup*

*Drawn by Cleanthe Carr*

EVEN WHEN ski-running over the snow-clad hills, the modern miss finds her vanity case indispensable. For there are times when it's really desirable to use a lipstick that will keep chaps off her lips.

# *Clocks DO Run*

*Drawn by Robert McGeehan*

EVEN WHEN a business girl finds a run in her stocking just at the last minute, and has to take that "stitch in time" before nine—even then, the mean old hands on the clock keep right on going, with no sign of mercy. It may mean a scant breakfast—or none—but even so, she must be at the office on time. Why, oh why, is it that under such circumstances clocks do run so fast?

# *HOW I ENVY HER!*

*Drawn by Cleanthe*

CLARICE, the salesgirl, simply can't keep her eyes off those ropes of real pearls, the gorgeous fur piece and rings worth a fortune. But her customer is thinking how gladly she would give them all for Clarice's willowy figure and youthful charm. Each, in her heart, is saying of the other, "How I envy her!" Which, do you think, is the more fortunate?

# *Moths and the Flame*

*Drawn by Don Komisarow*

ALL of life, in a way, might be said to consist of a series of choices between certain attractions and other counter-attractions. Perhaps the earth is aware that the attraction of gravitation holds it in its orbit around the sun—but more probably not. So from babyhood on, and in most cases without their being aware of it, there is an attraction between lad and lass, youth and maid, man and woman. But the time comes to every girl when the gleam of a diamond engagement ring on the finger of her girl chum sets her wondering whether and when her time will come to wear one like it. Say what you will, the lure of that diamond-studded circlet, to every girl, no matter what career she may have her mind set on, is on strong on the lure that attracts the moths to the flame.

# *Midsummer Night's Dream*

## *And Isn't She a Dream?*

*DRAWN BY*
*Medille Loebner*

THAT "dreams are the stuff that life is made of" perhaps all will agree. But when Jim, whose dream has been to attain wealth through partnership in his firm, and Jack, whose pet dream has been to win the football captaincy next season, and Pete, whose well-turned sonnets have proved that he dreams of fame as a poet, encounter this living, breathing "Midsummer Night's Dream"—all their other dreams for the moment are forgotten

*Drawn by*
***Burne Hogarth***

# *When East Is West*

WHAT IF he was headed east—and in a hurry? Could you, or would you, say "thumbs down" to such thumbs up? East was his objective—so he thought. But there come times when east is west. For that luggage really looks too heavy for a girl to carry—to say nothing about her looks.

# Glorified Girls

Drawn by Burne Hogarth

THAT bubble, reputation, may be attained through a bubble dance by any one of a number of the "glorified girls" whose names show in electric lights along all the Broadways of the land. But the bubbles burst, and every season the names in bright lights change. Others choose to become "glorified girls" through treading the quieter, happier paths that lead to marriage and motherhood. For the race must be perpetuated as well as amused, so give both these glorified girls a great big hand.

# CONNOISSEURS

*Drawn by Burne Hogarth*

ART for art's sake is all right in its way, and when an art connoisseur gets busy examining an old master through a magnifying glass, you can hardly expect him to have eyes for any other attraction. But it takes no magnifying glass to make it clear that this collector's assistant and the young gallery attendant prefer to be connoisseurs in another field. For where's the real red-blooded youth who doesn't think a lot more of young misses than old masters?

# *Music in the Air*

*Drawn by Burne Hogarth*

ONE of the songs popular in an older generation had it that "every little movement has a meaning of its own" And everybody except the "man that hath no music in his soul" knows how true that is For music has a phrase or movement to express every mood—the rollicking rhythm of the rondo, the sprightly gaiety of the scherzo, the more deliberate swing of the adagio, the slow and solemn largo But in this modern age, in this stirring age of fast-stepping, most popular of all is the dashing vivacity of the allegro vivace which pours forth when folks tune in on the music in the air.

# *Mother---Always a Girl!*

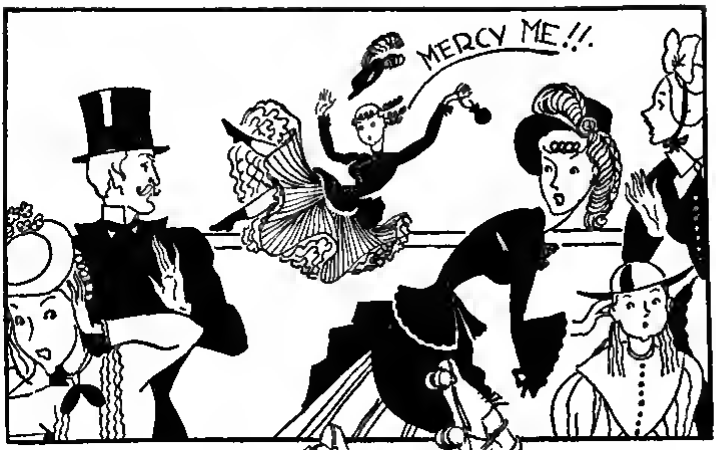
*Drawn by Burne Hogarth*

WHY do little girls like to play with dolls? Why, in their middle teens, do they pause and "Ah" and "Oh, how cunning!" over every baby in a carriage or toddling, met on the street? You find the answer when they later cuddle their own babies in their arms. And the answer is that every normal daughter of Eve is a born mother, every little girl, always a mother, and mother—always a girl.

# *Frail Femininity*

*Drawn by Burne Hogarth*

WOMAN long ago wrecked the old tradition that she is as fragile as she is fair to look upon. Time was when she allowed mere men to hoist her into the saddle or lift her down, to fetch and carry for her; and in all athletic sports was content to be merely a bystander. Now she is at home on golf links, tennis court, archery butt or even cinder track. Yet, as a confession of her frail femininity, she still permits a gallant swain to retrieve her handkerchief when she drops it—accidentally, of course, even though she may make sure he's near when it falls.




# *Manners* AND *Mankind* + SLANG +

*Drawn by* Corinne Malvern

THERE was a time—and, take it from the authorities on etiquette, as recent as 1880—when it was the height of indelicacy for a lady, no matter what her age, to use any such vulgarisms as "Mercy me!", "Good gracious!", "The dickens!", or even "Oh, my goodness!" But if you saw a modern miss take a flop like this when roller skating, well—what would you expect to hear her say?

# "I'll Be Ready"

Drawn by
Gwen Tucker

WHEN JUST the right boy's voice is heard over the phone saying "Tonight at 8:30"—well, what's the answer?

# HE'S JUST DAD

**Drawn by Margaret Clark**

* * *

*TELL Dad he's abused and put upon in his own home and he'll stoutly deny it. But think it over. "Skedaddle Papa," says Mother, hastily plumping soft cushions, picking up newspapers and brushing away scattered ashes. "Dick Banker will be here in a few minutes calling for Betty." So Dad scuttles upstairs to read his newspaper in a bedroom. He's a good sort, fond of his family, and wants Betty to have every chance to make a good match. At her age, and with her good looks, she's entitled to the spotlight. But he'd be a lot more comfortable if they'd fix some place in the house he could call his own—just an easy reading chair with a smoking stand and perhaps a radio beside it. Spoiling Dad a little wouldn't hurt him a bit. After all, he's an important member of the family—signs checks and things like that—and, on the whole he's rather a good egg, even if he's just Dad.*

# *Not So Dumb!*

DRAWN BY GWEN TUCKER

• • •

*"SHE MUST be perfectly dumb" was the comment of other girls, diligently acquiring sun tan, as they saw Maybelle stroll on the beach day after day in a varying array of snappy sports clothes, keeping well shaded and never doing anything energetic. But the lifeguard, somehow, didn't agree Anyway, there were lots of girls in bathing suits, but only one Maybelle, always refreshingly cool-looking and dainty. Perhaps she was not so dumb, after all.*